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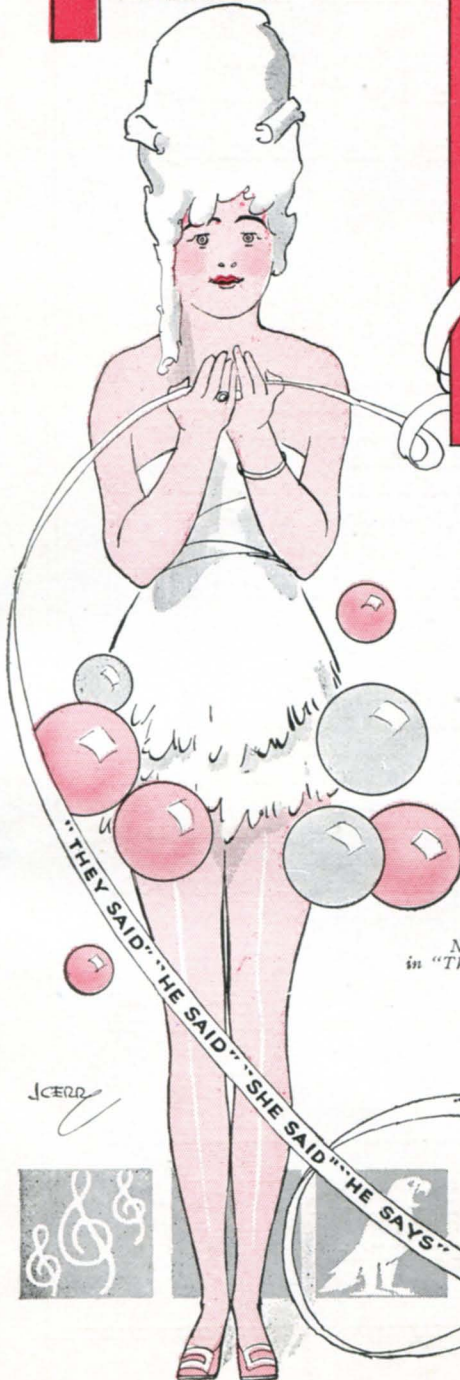
THE TATLER

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TOPICS

SONG
STAGE &
SCREEN



Nazimova
in "The Brat"



J.C. 22



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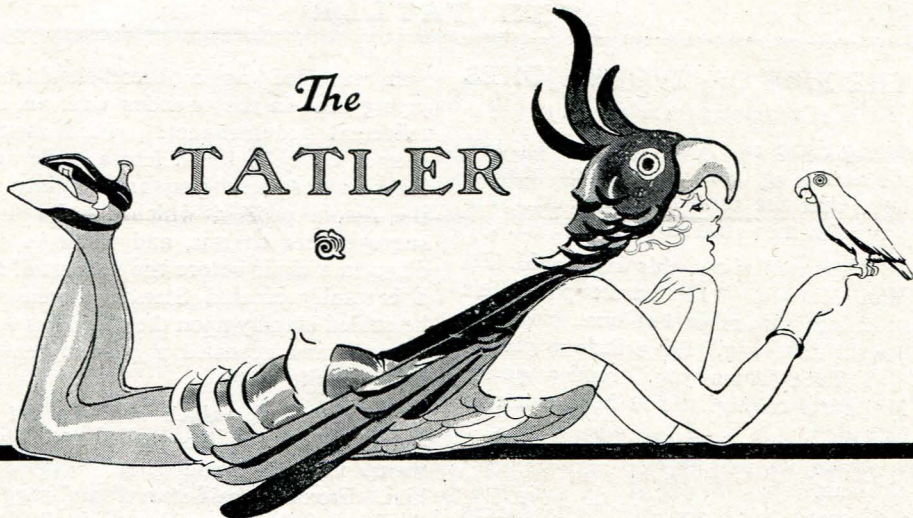
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WALTER E. COLBY, Editor.

The TATLER



The Rise of "Ivory" Jones

By ROY K. MOULTON

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS: *Alvin Jones, nicknamed "Ivory" on account of his piano-playing abilities, was a half-starved song writer, with nothing published when he secured a job playing and singing in the saloon and dance hall of Mike Moriarty in downtown New York near Chatham Square. On the night of his first appearance he sang one of his own songs, "You're All the World To Me" and it made a tremendous hit, particularly with Miss Angela Winthrop who was present with her brother and a slumming party. The next morning Jones was run down by an automobile containing Miss Betts and was removed to Bellevue. During his stay in the hospital he was anxiously sought for by a half-dozen firms of song publishers. Upon his release he suddenly appeared in the office of Merwin and Betts and sold his now famous song for \$5. On the same night he was running over the strain of a new song in the back room of Merwin and Betts when Dick Davenport, a theatrical producer who was rehearsing a new musical comedy just across the court, heard him. Davenport rushed over to Merwin and Betts and captured the astonished Jones and engaged him to write several song numbers for the new piece.*

CHAPTER IV.

THE song "You're All the World To Me" had made an instantaneous hit when sung by a music hall favorite under the auspices of the publishers, Merwin & Betts.

Although the song had enjoyed a tremendous sale, Jones had received nothing but the \$5, cash-in-hand paid him by Old Man Merwin of Merwin & Betts. On the evening Jones was discovered and kidnapped by Dick Davenport, proprietor of the new musical comedy: "The Cafe Girl," he had in his

pocket the magnificent sum of 85 cents. Davenport had immediately staked him to a bit of money and had taken him to a piano and chained him there to write four new song numbers for the show.

When Jones had been working on the show for a week, he awoke one morning at his boarding house to find a letter from Merwin & Betts, urging him to come to their office immediately.

Old Man Merwin stalked up and down the office nervously chewing his smoul-
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THE RISE OF "IVORY" JONES

(Continued from page 1)

dering cigar and waiting. The sales of the new song had reached such proportions that the time had come to chain Jones down to an iron-clad contract.

"It's queer about this lad," said Old Man Merwin. "He hasn't poked his nose into this office but once since we bought that song. I'm a little anxious."

"I don't blame you," replied young Mr. Betts calmly. "You have cause to be."

"What do you mean?" snapped the old man.

"I mean this," and Mr. Betts flicked the ash off his cigarette, "You treated him like a dog. He came here with the biggest seller we have had in years and you handed him five bucks for it. You knew it was worth \$50,000 when you gave him that five. Have you given him a cent since? No. Have you tried to get him to write another song for a fair percentage? No. That boy is no sap. He's wise. He's been up against it. He knows you have gyped him and he knows as well as I know that the old methods of handling song-writers are obsolete. That boy is a jewel—the best proposition that ever walked into this office. I've told you time and time again that the old order is passing but you—"

"I know, I know," interrupted Old Man Merwin. "You've repeated that so often that I know it by heart. But, we've made money by my system of doing business. Treat 'em the way I treat 'em and they're glad to take anything. Fondle 'em and they want to carry off the safe. Now this young snips, Jones—"

"Mr. Jones," announced the office boy, poking his head in at the door.

A new "Ivory" Jones stood before them. Mr. Betts rose and grasped his hand eagerly. Old Man Merwin seated himself behind his desk and scowled.

Jones was arrayed in a suit of clothes that fitted him as though it had been made for him. The face that had been haggard and had shown deep lines was now calm and flushed with health. Jones

was revealed as a broad-shouldered young man in the twenties with an intellectual countenance. His mouth seemed ready to break into a smile and his eyes were steel gray and as clear as the limpid pool in which Psyche first surveyed her charms, and when he sat down in a chair before the desk and laid a carefully creased Stetson thereupon, he smiled blandly upon the ferocious Mr. Merwin and revealed a perfect set of strong white teeth.

If Jones had walked into Moriarty's old place on the Bowery at that moment, nobody would have recognized him. From the half-starved and ragged denizen of the lower East Side, he had been transformed into a polished gentleman all because there had leaped from his capable though dreamy brain, a song idea that had netted him exactly \$5. Davenport had listened to the first song Jones had written for the new show and had made a liberal advance.

Merwin looked at Jones steadily and Jones returned the gaze unflinchingly. Betts looked on with interest and laid a few mental odds on Jones.

"Now, Jones," said Old Man Merwin with a patronizing air that was only half concealed, "The time has come for us to get down to business."

"The song is going fairly well, then," said Jones quietly.

"Oh, that song? Yes, that is going fairly well. It is not of that song that I want to speak with you. That song is history."

"So is the \$5," replied Jones, a humorous twinkle in his eye.

"Ahem!" said the old man, reddening slightly under the mask that he called his "business face."

"I presume you must have nearly doubled your money by this time," mused Jones. "I don't doubt you have already made \$10 from that song above all expenses."

The old man shifted nervously in his chair. He was being bearded and he knew it. He gazed into the inscrutable

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The Breezy Side of Broadway

THE Prince of Wales should be welcomed by the dramatic authors who have not entertained any royalties since the actors went on strike.

Caruso has any New York banker beaten a mile when it comes to turning notes into cash.

Broadway laundry women are going to strike while the ironing is hot.

On upper Broadway near Eighty-sixth street there is a delicatessen shop which has sprung into great popularity as a night eating place. Its prices are so high that nobody can afford to eat there except song writers.

One of the newspapers said that a well-known vaudeville actress "appeared in a picture hat and high heeled shoes." Capacity business for that act. We predict it.

Somebody asked Joe Young the other day what he thought of the Mexican imbroglio and he said: "I don't know. I never tasted any of it."

Anybody who buys the kind of beer they sell along Broadway these days, has no kick coming.

The last remaining memory of the old-timers in front of the mahogany is kept alive by Charles B. Dillingham, who has called his new Hippodrome show "Happy Days." Next season "Here's How" or "Here's Looking At You," or "Here's All The Hair Off Your Head."

A local dramatist is busy changing the old play "Ten Nights In a Bar Room" to "Ten Minutes In a Tea Room."

Broadway is being torn up again and the general impression is that some song writer has lost a nickel.

Jazz music has become so unpopular along the Great White Waste that nobody goes to hear it except those who can get tickets.

The latest style of skirt is like a popular theatrical performance—S. R. O.

One Broadway song writer is the champion optimist of the world. He has just bought some stock in a corkscrew factory.

Now that the chilly weather is coming on, the flappers along Broadway are laying aside their furs and getting out their low-necked gowns.

During the actors' strike the Tired Business Man gained in health and took on weight. There was nothing to do but go home and go to bed every night at 9 o'clock.

Actors are like automobiles. The cheapest ones make the most noise.

Getting a job in the chorus is mostly a matter of form.

Somebody has said that there is no sunshine on Broadway since the country went dry. Perhaps not, but there is plenty of moonshine.

A song writer's uncle blew into town to visit him and the song writer asked him to go and look at a cabaret. "No use," replied the Uncle, "I wouldn't know how to drive the darn thing if I bought it."

An old discarded steam boiler and a dozen sledge hammers were taken into the stage entrance of the Metropolitan Opera House the other day and the general impression is that the management is going to produce German operas again.

Through a typographical error one of the New York papers referred to a well-known musical comedy as a "muscle show," which only goes to prove that many a truth is spoken in a typographical error.

THE RISE OF "IVORY" JONES

(Continued from page 2)

countenance before him and began again, after drawing from his desk an important-looking document.

"I want you to write some more songs for us and I have prepared a three-year contract for you to sign. It is very liberal, I think. It gives you a half-cent on every copy of the songs sold. It gives us six months to accept or reject any song that you write. After six months, you are permitted to show the song to some other publisher. We are given the right to change the lyric or the air in a manner to make the song more salable. We are given the exclusive right to your services in the writing of music and lyrics. Is that perfectly plain? If it is, you will sign on the dotted line."

Merwin leaned back and puffed confidently at his cigar, after pushing the contract over to Jones and handing him a pen.

Jones quietly accepted the contract and the pen, read the contract over carefully.

"This contract seems to be all straight," he said, "and probably it is as good a contract as I could get elsewhere these days. It doesn't offer the author much encouragement, but I suppose it is the usual form."

"Yes," said Old Man Merwin, brightening perceptibly.

"The contract is O. K.," repeated Jones.

"Yes," said Merwin.

"But I am not going to sign it," said Jones tersely, laying the instrument down on the desk and carefully placing the pen on the inkstand.

"You're not going to sign it?" thundered Merwin. "You're not going to sign a contract with the best house in this town, why—" and the old man's face turned livid with rage.

He was about to launch into a torrent of abuse when Jones raised his hand and halted him.

"It isn't so much the contract," said he, "although it is a rotten contract. In fact, it isn't the contract that stands between you and me. It isn't the contract at all."

"What is it, then?"

"It is that measly \$5 that you paid me for a fifty thousand dollar song that stands between us and will stand between us as long as we live. You took advantage of me because I needed the money and to all intents and purposes you stole that song from me."

The old man writhed in his chair and strove to speak through lips that were growing purple with rage.

"Mr. Merwin," continued Jones, quietly, "The day is coming when the dominating blacklegs will be driven out of the song publishing business. Some day this business is going to be honest. It is going to turn straight and you are going to turn straight with it."

"Never," thundered Merwin, before he thought. "That is to say," he continued, "It is straight now. I took a chance on that song."

"A five-dollar chance," laughed Jones. "No, Mr. Merwin, you and I are at the parting of the ways. I think I must be going. Good day, gentlemen. Mr. Betts, I trust I may see you again."

Jones picked up his hat and gloves, walked quietly to the door and disappeared.

Mr. Betts slowly removed a cigarette from his gold case, lighted the weed, crossed his knees, and blew a tremendous cloud of smoke to the ceiling. "I told you—" he began.

"Shut up!" roared Merwin. "You make me sick."

* * *

A large audience of first-nighters gathered at a well-known theatre near Thirty-eighth street and Broadway to witness the first performance of Dick Daventport's newest musical comedy, "The Cafe Girl."

All the night before the company had rehearsed and Jones had hovered around as his songs were sung by various members of the cast. It had been a terrible night. The musicians drooped in their chairs until their music lost all its freshness and vigor. Dancers danced until they were ready to drop. Principals sang until they could sing no more, and

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Taking the Gay Out of the "Gay White Way"

By WALTER E. COLBY

IF old Pete Stuyvesant, once a highly respected citizen and a more or less prominent politician of New York, had stumped his way up the main street of the town any day last month he would have said, "Well, what the Holland has happened to this burg, anyway? There used to be something doing when I lived here, a little life and pep, but now look at the darned place! Sleepy Hollow is a seething mass of excitement and activity compared with here. A fine place to sleep. I'll say so."

Whereupon old Pete would have crept away, quietly, to reflect on the good old days when men had "certain unalienable rights, and that among these were life, liquor and the pursuit of happiness."

Surely New York was dead, and it didn't look natural. Prohibition and the actors' strike had wrought such a change in it that its closest friends could scarcely recognize it. Some of the saloons were still selling a cheap imitation of wood alcohol at thirty-five cents a drink but to all intents and purposes the flowing bowl was empty and could be put in the front hall for leaky umbrellas.

Cabarets were, as a consequence, listless, lifeless affairs and many of them closed. New York's night life was gradually passing away. Then along came the actors' strike and rigor mortis set in for fair. The Great White Way was there but the lights led to nowhere. It was but a shadow of its former self.

People sort of got the habit of staying at home. There was no where to go. There was no place BUT home. Husbands and wives began to get acquainted with each other. When a woman finished her shopping she had to go home. It was the only place left open. When hubby closed down his desk, or took off his overalls, as the case might be, he drifted home, quite naturally, there being no diverting influence. They met.

"O, hello, is it you?"

"Yes, is it you?"

"Well, how've you been?" etc., etc.

They, perforce, spent the evening at home. At first it was somewhat embarrassing, of course. There they were, two comparative strangers, alone in the same apartment, and about to spend the night together. The wife noted her wedding ring and that seemed to make it all right. The husband glanced over his check book and figured it was coming to him. And, as the evening shadows fell, all was well.

The next night they met again. After dinner the husband said, "Jevver play cribbage?" and they dug up a dusty cribbage board and a pack of cards, split a bottle of ginger ale and called it a wild night. Verily, it began to look as though the hearth was about to come into its own again. Husbands and wives were getting quite chummy, the tired business man was getting a chance to get some sleep, and courting went on apace, because you can make love faster in the parlor than in the parquet.

As far as the actors' strike was concerned, nobody seemed to care a rap except the actors, managers and agencies. The public began to wake up to the fact that they could get along without the theatre very nicely. From the swain who has to choke his salary to death to get the price of a pair in the balcony to the man of means and family who has to cough up anywhere from twenty-five to a hundred dollars a month for tickets came sighs of relief. A man said to me one day, "It used to cost me four hundred dollars a month for theatre tickets and attendant expenses for my family and their friends. Now I'm putting that money in the bank." He was awfully upset over the strike. He was afraid they'd call it off. The public emitted no audible wail over the thing. Most of them said, "I sym-

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THE RISE OF "IVORY" JONES

(Continued from page 4)

the poor chorus was dragged through number after number, over and over again under the whip of the most active and energetic producer in New York.

Jones, after two hours sleep at his boarding house, could sleep no more and he rose and walked the streets until it was time for the theatre to open in the evening. The airs of his songs kept running through his head and he awoke to the fact that he was suffering an aggravated sort of stage-fright although, at that time, he was walking in Central Park, miles away from the stage.

True, it was not his show. In fact, if the piece failed, he could not be blamed, for he had written very little of it, but through his veins flowed that old spirit so well known to the members of the profession: "The show—the show—the show must go."

All that day he touched nothing to eat. At 8.15 he stood in the back of the house, garbed in an evening suit which had been furnished by Davenport. After he had waited what seemed like an eternity, the orchestra leader raised his baton for the first note of the overture.

Jones reeled and thought he was going to faint, but he didn't. He clung to the railing which ran along behind the last row of seats.

The orchestra played on and the regular score of the piece seemed to rouse little interest. Then it swung into the first of Jones's songs: "Oh, Why Won't You Be a Good Little Girl?" the tinkling, catchy music of which set feet in the audience to tapping. People leaned toward one another and whispered and there was an excited little buzzing in the audience, as there always is when an audience is pleased.

There was some more of the regular score and then the music of Jones's second song: "Take Me Home With You." There was more quiet tapping of feet in the audience and buzzing and a large gentleman sitting in front of Jones began tapping on the arm of his seat with his fingers and swaying his head slightly

from side to side as people do when music gets them.

The first act was bad. Davenport stood in the wings with a pencil murmuring "That's out" and "That's out" as one situation after another fell flat. He was discouraged. Things looked about as bad as they could look when Jimmy Millard, the lead, began singing Jones's song: "Oh, Why Won't You Be a Good Little Girl?"

It was the first bright spot in the evening. There were three other such spots and they came when Jones's songs were sung.

It was over at last and the audience filed out. Jones, weak and undetermined whether to go back and see Davenport or beat it to his hotel, leaned against the railing where he had stood all evening. As he stood there, he failed to see a pretty young woman in an evening gown who approached him.

It was Angela Winthrop and when she touched Jones on the arm he awoke with a start and rubbed his eyes.

"You here?" he stammered.

"Why, of course. I have been waiting for days on end for this performance. I saw your name in the advertisements. Oh, it was splendid—I mean they were splendid—your songs, you know."

Jones gulped and stammered but no words would come. Upon the slightest provocation he could have wept. He took her hand and pressed it and only faintly heard her say: "Run out and see us some afternoon, do, Mr. Jones. We shall be so happy to see the famous composer."

"Thanks, I will," returned Jones, and she hastened away to catch her brother.

A few moments later Jones came out of the apparent state of coma and felt something in his hand. He looked down at it and realized that it was a rosebud, a beautiful red bud which somebody had given him.

"Now, I wonder who could have done that," he murmured foolishly.

Then he took it in both hands and, looking around carefully, he pressed it to his lips.

(To be continued)

Interesting Bits About Pictures Worth Seeing

IT does seem as though every picture that Mary Pickford does is better than the one previous. If she keeps on like that she'll be a pretty famous movie actress some of these days. In fact, she's pretty well known now. At any rate she is fast forging to the front. We saw her in "Daddy Long-Legs" and she wasn't bad at all. We enjoyed that picture very much, especially the song, "Daddy Long-Legs" that that song-writ' feller Harry Ruby wrote about the picture.

The song was sung wherever the picture was shown and was a corker. We'll say that this here, now, Ruby chap certainly knows how to arrange notes on both clefs in a most artistic manner. Another fellow tried to imitate Ruby and he wrote a song about "Daddy Long-Legs" but it was a joke. It made people laugh when they compared it to Ruby's song and those who bought it said afterwards that they were stung, same's you always are when you buy imitations.

But to get back to our Mary. She hasn't any imitators. Some tried to imitate her long ago but they had to give it up. She's too good. And if you want to see her at her best don't fail to

see "The Hoodlum." As Amy Burke, in this wonderful picture, she becomes a professoress in crap-shooting, the conductor of a hurdy-gurdy, a chamber-

maid for bums, and an enemy to soap and water. You'll love Mary in this picture. It's a story of a girl who loved her poor father more than her rich grandfather, and in the loving discovered a hero whose Bertillion measurements fitted her ideal



Could you, by stretching your imagination to the breaking point, believe that these pictures are of the same girl? Well, they are. One is a picture of Mary Pickford as herself. Of course, you recognize that. The other is a picture of Miss Pickford in "The Hoodlum," and shows Mary's extreme ability in the art of "make-up."

of a husband.

It's a rattling picture which takes the little heroine from the luxury of a mansion to the squalor of a tenement through exciting vicissitudes to a happy ending. A song entitled "The Hoodlum," authorized by Miss Pickford, has been written around the picture and is printed in part in this issue.

"The Brat" is another picture that is making a tremendous hit with all movie lovers. It was written from Maude Fulton's play of the same name, which had such a big run in New York and other large cities. The great and talented Madame Nazimova is starred in this picture. We'll say that if you don't

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Walter Weems



Glad Moffatt



Anna Chandler



Nonette



Larry Bell



Marshall Montgomery

"The Brat"

The play was good, the picture is good, and now comes the song—and it's great! One of the season's signal song successes.

Chorus

You're just a lit-tle brat who wins all hearts, I know that you've won mine;—

— There's some-thing in your smile—That makes your love worth while,—The mes-sage of a

hap-pi-ness di-vine.—— You go your laugh-ing way from day to day,

Life is a song that's ev-er new;—— So kind and sweet to ev-ry-one you

(Continued from page 5)

pathize with the actors," and let it go at that.

Both actors and managers, however, were suffering severely from the strike, and it was inevitable that it would be settled, must be settled, before it had gone long. Many of the strikers were in dire straits, and the managers could see that if the strike continued well into the winter, as many short-sighted persons claimed it would, many people would have actually become weaned away from the high priced theatres by the lower priced vaudeville and moving picture theatres, besides losing thousands of dollars in the meantime. The actors and the producers were the only ones who were being hurt and they were being hurt bad, so, of course they got together and stopped it. The actors got more than they had demanded, the managers retained the "open shop," so

everybody was happy. The theatres opened again and New York began to revive.

The one thing that finally brought the strike to an end was the order of the labor leaders to close all the Shubert houses throughout the country. The Shuberts were credited with being the only managers holding out, and this sweeping order brought them into line.

Both sides to the controversy made heated remarks during the fight that were hard to swallow, but they were swallowed, peace was declared and the hatchet was buried.

Which reminds us of a story. A friend of Willie Collier said to him one day,

"I saw you talking with Lee Shubert on the street the other day. Did you bury the hatchet?"

To which Collier replied, "I tried to but Lee dodged."

Fourteen Points

By EDGAR LESLIE

- 1—A League of Nathans has been formed at Arverne, L. I.
- 2—The Presidential Tour is being made to convince skeptics that the Wilsons are back in America.
- 3—The composer of "BLUEBIRD" on being served with divorce papers offered to wager that "Ain't He the Wise Old Owl" was written about a bachelor.
- 4—Re-incarnation theorists assert that the James boys have returned in the guise of New York landlords.
- 5—To prisoners musically inclined Sing Sing is unpopular because of the long rests between bars.
- 6—Prohibition has not affected the letter carrier. He can still wet his whistle.
- 7—Folks unable to meet railroad rate increases should parcel post themselves to their destinations.
- 8—A rip in a girl's stocking puts a wrinkle in a man's brow.
- 9—Hebrew actors resent the imputation of managers that they are "hams."
- 10—A janitor is the highest paid individual in the world—he gets his rent free.
- 11—Grant Clark's interpretation of the French battlefield Chemin des Dames is "Shimmie the dames."
- 12—There is many a flat head under a 6½ hat.
- 13—Some doctors are so accurate in their diagnosis that whatever they treat a man for he generally dies from.
- 14—Here's hoping Pershing's return will throw a scare into the profiteers. Welcome back "Black Jack."

POPULAR SONGS ARE GOING STRONG

THE actors' strike which was spreading rapidly over the country, and which had closed all theatres in New York, Boston, Chicago, Washington and other large cities served to emphasize one important fact and that is that there is one form of amusement that nothing can stop and that is the popular song.

During the strike the demand for songs increased as the strike spread.

Writers like Joe Young, Sam Lewis, Bert Kalmar, Harry Ruby, Edgar Leslie, Bert Grant and others were working overtime turning out delectable hits.

The increase in the demand for popular songs while the theatres were closed, was quite natural, for you can always get the gang together around some of these song writers' melodies and have a good time. (*Continued on next page*)

"It Took Nineteen Hundred and Nineteen Years" (To Make A Girl Like You)

One of the greatest love songs ever written. It took 1919 years to make the girl but the song was a hit overnight.

Chorus

Ad - am nev - er loved his Eve as I love you, — Cle - o - pat - ras

love for Caes - ar, Proved that she was just a teas - er. Rom - e - o loved

Jul - i - et, If Shake - speare's words are true; — But it took nine - teen hun - dred and

nine - teen years to make a girl like you. — you. —

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D.S.

(Continued from preceding page)

Take a program consisting, for instance, of

"Oh, What A Pal Was Mary,"

"Take Me To That Land of Jazz,"

"When the Preacher Makes You Mine,"

"Oo La La, Wee Wee,"

"I Ain't Had No Lovin' Since You Went Away,"

"Daddy Long-Legs."

"If You Want To Make A Hit With the Ladies."

These are all wonderful songs, and you have an entertainment for a trifling sum that will spread out over a pleasant evening. Plays, cabarets and such may come and go but, like the famous book, the l'il old popular song goes on forever. Publishers are keen to the

situation and are placing a larger and better output than ever on the market.

For instance, a member of the firm of Waterson, Berlin and Snyder told us the other day that in the next twelve months they were going to issue over one hundred first class corking hits!

And, by the way, if you want to make sure of getting your money's worth when you buy a song, make sure it has the name of Waterson, Berlin and Snyder on it. It's a guarantee of perfection. That's just a little tip, dear reader.

So when you stop and think that for the price you pay for one orchestra seat you can get twenty (20) copies of rattling popular songs, all the joy hasn't been extracted from life, has it?

About Plays and Players You Know

By GRANT IRWIN

TWENTY-ONE bidders were present when the late Anna Held's \$100,000 necklace was offered at public auction. These gems, which "were adorned by her beautiful neck," were finally bought by a jeweler for \$52,000. Miss Held's daughter, Liane Carrera, attended the sale and made several purchases.

This final chapter in the biography of the famous actress calls to mind her appearance in our midst years ago. Probably no performer ever came here so thoroughly press-agented. It was she who originated the milk bath. Each day, according to the confidential advices of her press agent, who in turn had been given an inside and very private tip, and, of course, not for publication, Miss Held enjoyed a lacteal dip. Of course, that was before milk cost eighteen cents a quart. Since then the milk bath has been more or less generally adopted, according to press agents, until the milk trust drove 'em to water again.

Another clever bit of publicity she received was when she kissed a man to a standstill. The editor of the Hearst Sunday newspapers was curious to know how many kisses a person could indulge in consecutively before the facial muscles would fail to work. Miss Held consented to be one of the parties to the experiment. Her opponent or partner, as the case may be, has since dropped into oblivion and his name escapes us. Anyway, it wasn't Flo Ziegfeld. His turn came later.

And so, in the interest of science, the test was made. History, as recorded in the files of the Sunday American, states that 237 separate, distinct, and audible kisses were duly registered by the parties, one upon the other. Anna finally quit, but the guy was game. The time consumed during the kisses was a little over fifteen minutes or about half as long as one soul kiss.

Answer to W. D. S.—Oh, yes, Lillian Russell is still living.

Already a play has been written with the actors' strike as its theme. It is called, "The Actor," and will be tried out in Lynn, Mass., wherever that is.

Rock and White (William and Frances, respectively), well-known headliners on the Keith circuit, have dissolved partnership. Miss White will appear as a single, and Rock will do some directing of musical comedies, acting, and making himself generally useful about the theatre.

San Francisco, Cal., Aug. 31.—Marjorie Taylor and Jane McGee, two members of "Chin Chin," were arrested here this week charged with stopping traffic when they paraded through the crowded shopping districts with bare legs.

Must have had Japan-knees, and they're not popular in San Francisco.

May Irwin, the well-known comedy actress, doesn't like canoes. She's a little heavier than she was once, and knows that if she ever got into a nervous wiggly canoe it would go over. She says, "If you ever see me in a canoe, you'll have to look quick."

Enrico Caruso, the greatest tenor who ever visited the Central Park Zoo, says that an interesting event is being awaited at his home. Mrs. Caruso is expected to be present.

"Oh, What a Pal Was Mary" will probably outsell any high-priced hit that will be published this coming season. At least it is hard to conceive any song in the same season that will equal it. Songs like "Mary" only come along once a year. It has picked up the fastest of any song ever written and is selling wild! It will easily outsell "Chasing Rainbows," "Blowing Bubbles" and hits of that size. The music is by Pete Wendling, and the lyric by Bert Kalmar and Edgar Leslie.

"I Ain't Had No Lovin' Since You Went Away"

If you want a song around the house that you and everybody else will go crazy about, let us recommend this one. All roads lead to where they sell this song.

CHORUS

I ain't had no lov - in' since you went a way, _____

I ain't had no lov - a - ble one, — To hang a - round me and

call me "hon" — I ain't had no hug - gin' since that wear - y day; _____

Since we part - ed I've been sad, And the last kiss you gave me is the
I've been lone - some you can bet, 'Cause the first one to love you is the

SONG WRITERS IN NEED OF EXCUSES

DURING the four weeks that racing was transferred from the environs of New York City to Saratoga, popular song publishers had a chance to see and get acquainted once more with their song writers. You can't keep a song writer away from the track. Nobody knows why, but it's true. The ponies get 'em all—every day. But when the meet was at Saratoga most of them showed up at the office again, and waited patiently for the opening of Belmont. That meet is on now and the song writers are again away every day, dropping in to see numerous intimate sick friends, having conferences with their lawyers, burying all sorts of relatives, and out buying tombstones for

same. In fact more tombstones have been bought by song writers this year than in any previous season. Some of them might, incidentally, be erected to the memory of some of the "dead ones" picked at the track.

Be that as it may, every conceivable excuse for absence from business, and for loans following a bad day at the track has been worn threadbare. If a new one happens to be devised it is quickly worked to death. Any inventive genius with a few new and reasonably plausible excuses should drop around Times Square; he could pick up quite a bit of change. But they'll have to be GOOD!

"The Miracle Man"

Chorus

Mir-ac-le Man, Mir-ac-le Man, In ev'-ry heart is your shrine; —

p-f

Souls gone a - stray, Los-ing their way; Still have a spark that's di - vine. —

Faith is a star, shin-ing a - far, Lead-ing thro' dark-ness to light; — Love is the

won-der-ful Mir-ac-le Man, Turn-ing our hearts to the right. right. D.S.

The play, the picture and the song have gone hand in hand to unheard of success. This song is one of the season's unqualified hits. You can't overlook it when you order your fall supply.

KALMAR'S KRACKS—(Wise and Otherwise)

WHILE the shows were closed the tired business man had a chance to rest up.

Now, even the homeliest chorus girl can say that she once was a "striking" woman.

Some men dive into the Sea of Matrimony and bring up a pearl. Others strike a floating torpedo.

As the price of clothes keeps going up, the women keep wearing less. Some men are mean enough to hope that the price will keep going up.

Prohibition has staggered a great many men. That is the only logical reason I can find for all the men I see staggering nightly.

If the future Presidents follow the example set by our present President, it would be nice to have a portable White House.

It is rumored that shoes are going to cost at least twenty-five dollars a pair. We should be able to get a nice pair of shoe-laces for about eight dollars.

"The Hoodlum"

Chorus

The Hood-lum, was the wild-est sort of a rose, That
 ramb-led in-to the heart of all; Help-ing to drive the clouds a-
 side, Where-ev-er sun-shine was de-nied. She had a gold-en smile that
 lit up the world. Heav-en was in each gold-en curl; The Hood-lum, turned each

The musical score is written in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. It features a chorus with lyrics. The melody is simple and catchy, with a repeating pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes. The accompaniment consists of chords and single notes in the bass line. There are several triplets marked with a '3' over the notes.

The authors who wrote "Daddy Long Legs" for the Pickford picture wrote this corking, captivating song which is every bit as good as the other, and you know how good that was. Both songs are almost as pretty as Mary.

(Continued from page 7)

see this picture you'll let a mighty pleasant evening slip through your fingers. In this picture Nazimova is seen for the first time in her career as an American girl. Her great fame hitherto has been derived from her impersonation of foreign types.

A corking song has been written around this picture also; the one you will hear played or sung when you see the picture, and one of the best songs of the year.

"The Miracle Man" is one of the most tremendous hits shown in New York in years. It was shown at the Cohan Theatre for a long run and then went into the Rivoli, a short distance away, where nearly 10,000 people a day saw the picture. At the time this is written the picture is still running. People who

never saw a moving picture are flocking to see this one.

You probably have already heard the song "The Miracle Man," which will soon be played and sung all over the country.

WHO IS "IVORY" JONES?

Speculation is rife along Broadway as to whom "Ivory" Jones, the hero of our popular serial story, is supposed to be. As a matter of fact it is the true story of a real flesh and blood song writer, whose hits have set the popular song world on its head. The various careers of song writers are all so nearly identical that they've each got the idea, that the story is his particular biography.

The life of a song writer is an interesting one, and a recounting of his career reads like fiction. Hence, "Ivory" Jones is making a great hit.

September Releases for Biggest Song Hits

EMERSON PHONOGRAPH CO.

Music of the Wedding Chimes.
The Woman in Room 13.
Sweet Patootie Time.
When the Preacher Makes You Mine.

VICTOR TALKING MACHINE CO.

Take Your Girlie to the Movies.
Take Me to the Land of Jazz.

COLUMBIA GRAPHOPHONE CO.

Take Your Girlie to the Movies.
The Music of the Wedding Chimes.

EDISON PHONOGRAPH CO.

Don't Cry Frenchy, Don't Cry.

AEOLIAN CO.

Take Your Girlie to the Movies.

PATHE FRERES PHONOGRAPH CO.

Daddy Long-Legs.
And He'd Say Oo La La! Wee-Wee!

EMPIRE TALKING MACHINE CO.

Down By the Meadow Brook.

GENNETT LATERAL RECORDS.

Daddy Long-Legs.
And He'd Say Oo La La! Wee-Wee!

OTTO HEINEMAN PHONOGRAPH CO.

Take Your Girlie to the Movies.
When the Bees Make Honey Down in
Sunny Alabam'.
I Always Think I'm Up in Heaven
(When I'm Down in Dixie Land).
My Barney Lies Over the Ocean.
Jazz Baby.
That Tumble Down Shack in Athlone.

THE Q. R. S. MUSIC ROLL CO.

Daddy Long-Legs.
Oh What a Pal Was Mary.
When the Preacher Makes You Mine.

THE CONNORIZED MUSIC ROLL CO.

Oh What a Pal Was Mary.

STANDARD MUSIC ROLL CO.

Oh What a Pal Was Mary.
Take Me to the Land of Jazz.
And He'd Say Oo La La! Wee-Wee!

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I hope The Tatler may continue to chatter and delight us for many moons.

Yours sincerely,

KATY HAGAN,
1930 North Crosbey St.,
Philadelphia, Pa.

* * *

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Please send me The Tatler for one whole year. I don't like it—I love it! Enclosed find check for one dollar for the same. Also, please don't forget that free sheet music every month.

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HELENE BENDA,
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* * *

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New York City.

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Here is that one little dollar. I'm almost tickled to death to be enrolled in your music club. To get The Tatler for

a whole year is worth a dollar—and a first-class popular song, too, is a bargain such as I have never heard of before.

Do you want a few more club members? I may be able to get some more around here if you do.

Sincerely,

EVELYN SVENSON,
Deep River, Wash.

* * *

The Tatler Publishing Company,
New York.

Sirs:—

Just received my copy of The Tatler with your letter wondering if I liked it. I'll say that it is the biggest little magazine I've ever taken. I shall show my copy to my friends.

Wishing you all kinds of the success The Tatler should have,

I remain

The Tatler's Friend,
MILO D. McCOSH,
Pecatonica, Ill.

* * *

Tatler Publishing Company,
New York City.

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Enclosed you will find one dollar for one year's subscription to The Tatler. It is the best little magazine I have so far read. I am very much pleased with it.

Yours respectfully,

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"Along the Trail where the Blue Grass Grows."

"The Brat."

"Daddy Long-Legs."

"The Hoodlum."

"Desert Gold."

"The Miracle Man."

"Take Me to That Land of Jazz."

"Music of the Wedding Chimes."

"Jazz Baby."

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